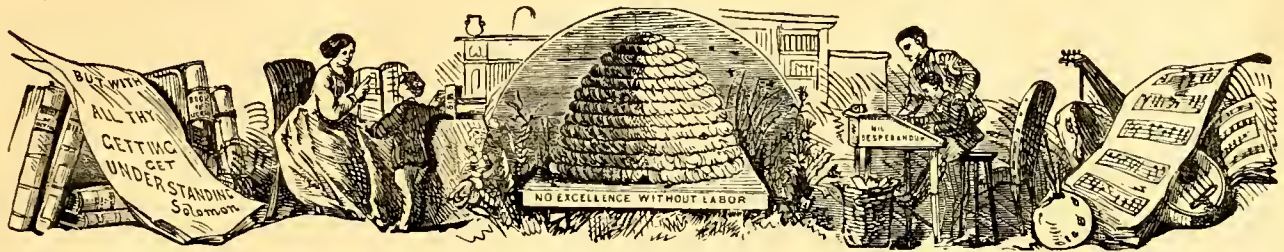


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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NO. 21

THE SPOTTED DEER OF INDIA.

THERE are many varieties of deer, and there is scarce'y a country in the world in which at least one kind of this fine animal is not found.

We give a picture of the "Spotted Deer," whose home is in India. It is generally of a rich golden brown, with white spots beautifully mingled. It is a very shy animal, and is not often seen except by those who go into the thick forests and jungles.

The celebrated travelers in Africa, Livingstone, Speke, Barth and Baker, found in the regions over which they passed exceedingly beautiful gazelles, antelopes and deer, of kinds hitherto unknown; and there, as in other parts of the world, their flesh is esteemed a very choice article of food.

There is one species of deer which we must notice, as it is perhaps more useful to man than any of the others. This is the reindeer. It is found in great numbers in cold countries, and, as most children know, it is used in Lapland and other northern countries to draw the sledge of the natives. Referring to this animal, a recent writer says:

Harnessed to the long boat-like sledge, they start off with the rapidity of the steam-engine, going fifteen or twenty miles an hour. If there is but one, he sometimes suddenly stops. Something has offended him. He paws the snow, and shakes

his head threateningly. The Laplander hurries out of his sledge and holds it between himself and his deer, till its wrath goes down, when he harnesses up again, and, shaking his one rein cries "Cheek! cheek!" and off they go again as fast as ever.

The reindeer is not only the Laplander's horse, but his cow; and during the time that it gives milk he is freezing large

quantities of it, to be used when no more is to be obtained. Then he breaks off a piece, thaws it out, and has again a good article of milk.

The deer is also his food; and from its skin the Laplander makes the roof and floor of his house, his bed, his shoes and stockings, his clothes, and cords and strings for his bow. Without this animal, the Laplander would be in a deplorable condition. No place is so barren and desolate where men live, but God has given blessings adapted to their condition.

The Laplander's property consists of reindeer, and sometimes he has hundreds. He is then considered rich, and can "go into the best society"—as if the man was any better or worse for the number of deer he happens to own.

HOWEVER much he may possess, a covetous person is always in want.



GENESIS AND GEOLOGY. A DIALOGUE.

BY BETH.

GENESIS.—“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And—”

GEOLOGY.—I object to God being introduced as an operator in the works of creation; and as to the beginning, I know nothing about it; I recognize natural forces as the only factors in the formation of the earth that we can know anything about with certainty. In these days we must know!—*scio*.

GENESIS.—Well, then, “the earth was without form, and void.”

GEOLOGY.—“Void!”—empty. Yes; I can agree with you. Of course it was without form; it was, in fact, a shapeless, nebulous mass.

GENESIS.—Stop! That is mere conjecture. You said just now we must know.

GEOLOGY.—Well, I admit this is hypothesis. Go on.

GENESIS.—“And darkness was upon the face of the deep.”

GEOLOGY.—No doubt of it. You allude, of course, to our “azoic” period, during which the globe was probably surrounded with dense vapors, through which the sun’s rays could not penetrate, at which time the waters would be enshrouded in darkness.

GENESIS.—“And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”

GEOLOGY.—What do you mean by this expression? I admit that light began to dawn upon the liquid mass as the vapors were gradually removed—light is a primary cause of activity in matter. But I do not admit the necessity of God having produced the phenomenon.

GENESIS.—“..... Let there be light: and there was light.” This you admit. “..... Let there be a firmament in the midst of the water, and let it divide the waters from the waters.”

GEOLOGY.—By “firmament” I suppose you mean the atmosphere, of which, in your early times, little was known; no doubt this became distinct from the watery mass, when the ocean-covered globe would certainly be “under the firmament,” or atmospheric fluids. But you have forgotten to say anything about your chronology.

GENESIS.—“The evening and the morning were the first day.” Again, “the evening and the morning were the second day.”

GEOLOGY.—If by this you mean that the events you describe occurred in periods of twenty-four hours, your knowledge of the structure of the rocks that compose the earth’s crust must be small indeed. Why, the azoic era, which you are describing must have been thousands of centuries!

GENESIS.—Mine is not a geological account; I have stated generally the order of the creation. The leading events I have grouped together. In one account I arrange them into a work of six days, and a cessation or Sabbath on the seventh day. In my second account I speak of “the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.” You surely do not suppose that a working day of twenty-four hours is intended. You also divide the work of creation into periods.

GEOLOGY.—Yes; but I allow them to be of infinite duration.

GENESIS.—The periods I allude to are of indefinite duration, as they do not deal with time as mortals define it. My object was to show that God was the author of these visible creations; and, so far as He revealed to me His methods, and

so far as they could be comprehended in early times, I made them known.

GEOLOGY.—The earth itself proves its own history by its structure. It has been brought to its present condition through a series of changes or progressive formations, from a state as utterly featureless as a germ. Azoic seas existed, beneath which the earliest known rocks were formed; they were the floor of those primitive seas. Gradually lands were elevated, and —

GENESIS.—Here you agree with me: “Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear.”

GEOLOGY.—You speak of a very early geological epoch; from the shallow seas of the azoic time, lands were gradually elevated. Go on.

GENESIS.—“..... Let the earth bring forth grass, the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself.”

GEOLOGY.—Life began at the bottom of the seas—life in its lowest forms.

GENESIS.—Of course you notice details, I was showing broadly that the vegetable kingdom existed before the animal, as a period, or day in the creation. I will continue the history: “Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven.”

GEOLOGY.—You surely do not mean the sun! You are very unphilosophical, not to say absurd. You represent a period that culminated in fruit trees, and then another period in which the sun is created! The fact that the higher forms of vegetation existed proves that the sun existed also.

GENESIS.—Had I represented the sun and other luminaries first in order, with their uses, one of my objects in explaining the creations, among other things “for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years,” objections might also have been raised. You admit that cosmical light existed long before solar light shone upon the earth, for which you assign scientific reasons, *viz.* the density of the atmosphere; I advance theological reasons for the same phenomena.

GEOLOGY.—That which I ascribe to nature you ascribe to God!

GENESIS.—Precisely so. I was not a student in your school. I speak of the Author, you of His works; I describe the finished work as seen naturally, you as you read the history of that work in the rocks.

GEOLOGY.—Consequently I must have the advantage in point of accuracy. I show that life existed on this planet long before you do, and prove it by the fossil remains of each period.

GENESIS.—Whence do you derive this life?

GEOLOGY.—That is not my province to investigate; from pre-existing types we have life from its lowest to its highest forms.

GENESIS.—I think it is now my turn to say “*scio*” (I know); I teach that God is the author of life—pardon my digression.

GEOLOGY.—Your ideas are very old-fashioned! When does your animal life begin?

GENESIS.—Immediately after the organization of the solar system: “Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth.” I show that “great whales,” among other creatures, were created. I mention no other mammals during this period.

GEOLOGY.—You pass over the most interesting events in the progress of life. I would show you that your system is correct as far as it goes; but it is imperfect. You appear to leap from the Azoic period to the Carboniferous, leaving out the Silurian, the age of algae or sea-weed, the earliest vegetable, and

radiates and mollusks the first animal life, and the Devonian, the age of fishes. I admit that your age of vegetables is philosophically placed in relation to your first animal creation, and that it is certainly sublime in its conception, considering your limited knowledge. What is your next period?

GENESIS.—“Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind.”

GEOLOGY.—This is decidedly the age of mammals; you have passed into the period I call “cenozoic,” or recent time. Does your period end with the creation of mammals?

GENESIS.—By no means. Man is created. “Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.” Here I allude to the origin of man as made in the image of his Creator.

GEOLOGY.—There is not time now to tell of the ages that have passed as I teach: of the azoic time, lifeless and desolate; the paleozoic or ancient-life time; silurian, devonian and carboniferous; the mesozoic, or middle-life time, the age of reptiles; of the cenozoic, or recent-life time, the age of mammals; and of the age which may be pre-eminently termed the age of man.

GENESIS.—I have sketched the outlines, you are filling in the figures; I have given the key to the harmonies that you cannot but see and admire, and without which you cannot enter into the secret recesses of the rocks and unfold the mysteries of their creations. You may read the book of Nature, but you cannot unriddle it; every character when rightly interpreted, every chapter when understood, bears witness to my testimony: “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”

CHANGE OF A CENTURY.—Steel pens were introduced for use in 1830.

In 1840 the first express business was established.

The first successful reaper was constructed in 1823.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1810.

In 1836 the first patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1809 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of steamboats.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1807 wooden clocks commenced to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of a considerable length in the United States was constructed.

The first public application to practice of the use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

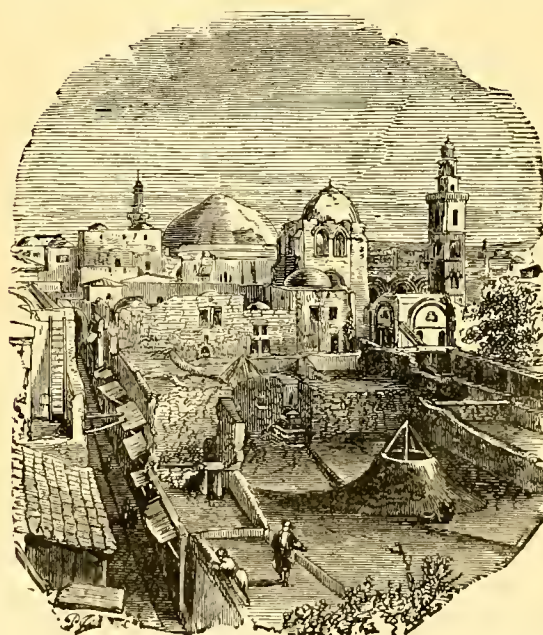
The first steamboats which made regular trips across the Atlantic were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*, in 1830.

In 1790 there were only fifteen post offices in the whole country; and up to 1837 the rates of postage were twenty-five cents for a letter sent over one hundred miles.

THE best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiae of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but we have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most thrilling actions.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

IN many respects this is by far, to the Christian, the most interesting building in Jerusalem. It is situated a little to the west of the street that runs from the Bazaars to the Damascus gate. It was first erected by Constantine the Great, or rather by his mother Helena, over the supposed tomb of our Savior. It has been destroyed and rebuilt time after time; consequently, the present church is of modern date, except portions of the front, which may be anterior to the time of the Crusade. It consists of an irregular block of buildings, comprising all the traditional spots connected with the death and burial of the Savior; it therefore includes both Calvary and the sepulchre wherein Jesus was laid. Calvary and the sepulchre were outside the city, but it is asserted that the city has been extended in that direction, and hence we now find Calvary and the sepulchre conveniently located within the city, and under one roof of a church. In the same church are shown many other wonders, including Adam's tomb, and those of Melchisedec, Joseph and Nicodemus; the place where Mary stood when Christ was anointed, where Christ appeared after the resurrection to Mary Magdalene and to his mother, and where the



cross was found 200 years later. All this, and a great deal more, has been brought within the walls of this church, by the ingenuity of the priests, or the credulity of superstition, or both. The church is divided between different Christian sects, whose monks and priests live within it, to perform their various duties regularly both day and night; but it is in the custody of the Mohammedans, to whom various payments are made. The whole of the eastern half, a few nooks excepted, as well as several rooms in the western, belong to the Greeks; the southwestern to the Armenians; the northwestern to the Latins; a room or two to the Syrians; and two more to the Copts.

AFTER a tongue has once got the knack of lying, it is not to be imagined how impossible, almost, it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass, that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—*Montaigne*.

ICE IN INDIA.

WHAT possible connection can there be between Lake Ontario and India? The one lies between the United States and Canada, where the winter cold seizes upon the rolling waves, and binds them tight and fast. The other, thousands of miles away, burns and dries in a tropical sun. But it is this very contrast that brings them together. Lake Ontario cools and refreshes the people living on the East Indian coast. And this is the way the good work is brought about.

Lake Ontario is so situated that in winter it freezes over a great part of its surface, forming ice several feet in thickness, fine grained, compact, and of beautiful transparency. As soon as the ice is fairly formed, the ice companies set a small army of men at work to take it away, and they are kept busy all the season. Some are on the lake cutting out the ice in huge cubic blocks; others stow them away into the wagons which are to convey them to the ice-houses near the lake, where they are deposited temporarily; some are at work at these houses, receiving the ice and putting it into the buildings; others, again, are taking out the ice that has been waiting transportation and loading with it the cars in which it is to be conveyed to the different cities in the United States. The scene is a lively and busy one, and this ice business gives employment to a great number of men.

The ice intended for India is sent to Boston, and is there shipped as soon as possible. A good many vessels are employed in this service. The holds of these ships must be made very cold before the ice can be packed with safety, and this is done by letting down blocks of ice, and as soon as these melt, the water is drawn off and others are put in. The second blocks do not melt quite so soon as the first, and then others are let down; and the process is continued until the temperature is so low that the ice does not melt at all.

The hold is now ready to be filled for the long voyage. A thick bed of sawdust is laid on the bottom, and upon this blocks of ice are carefully and closely placed, forming a smooth, icy floor. This is covered with a light layer of sawdust. Upon this, blocks of ice are packed as before; then another layer of sawdust; another stratum of iceblocks; and so on, until the hold is filled. This packing has to be done quickly, or the ice would soften somewhat while exposed to the air. Great cranes, moved by steam, lift the enormous blocks of ice from the storehouse or wharf, swing them over the vessel, and lower them into the hold, where the men stow them away. Steam works rapidly, and the labor goes on day and night. When the hold is filled, the hatches are fastened down and caulked, and the precious freight is safely shut up in the cold and darkness, and the ship starts off as soon as possible on her long voyage. These vessels are built for fast sailers; but, at the best, it takes a very long time to reach India. During part of the voyage the tropical sun pours its heat upon the decks; but when the ship gains her port, and the hatches are opened and the work of unloading commences, the blocks of ice taken out are as perfect as when they were put in!

The unloading once begun, it is carried on without intermission until the hold is emptied, the workmen relieving each other; but it cannot be done quite as rapidly as the loading. Some of the sailors, dressed in their warmest winter clothing, are down in the hold cutting apart the blocks which have become frozen together, placing the ropes around them, and fastening them to the cable that passes over the pulley. Other sailors and native East Indians, are on the deck, where it is so hot that they are glad to dress very lightly. They are

pulling at the ropes, and in this way hauling the ice out of the hold. Others are conveying it to the depots on the shore, where it is stored away in vast quantities. Near these may be seen groups of natives waiting to be served with ice, which is to be carried to the hotels and other houses. Some of these natives have already been served, and have started upon their journey into the city, six or eight of them bearing a framework of bamboo sticks and cords, in which is suspended a monstrous block of ice as beautiful and transparent as rock crystal.

And, after all the labor at Lake Ontario, after the transportation to Boston, the loading and unloading of the vessels, the sums of money that must be paid to so many workmen, and the voyage of several thousands of miles, ice can be brought in the cities of India, in ordinary seasons at three cents a pound.

Now, although ice keeps so well for a long time when packed in the ships built for it, and in this way can be conveyed to any East Indian port, it would be impossible to carry it into the interior of the country, where there are no railroads to transport it quickly. But the East Indian who lives at a distance from the coast is not obliged to do without cooling drinks, for not only does he contrive to cool water by putting it in porous jars and setting them in a current of air, but he has a fashion of his own for making ice, and a very curious fashion it is.

In the warm countries of Europe ice is manufactured by the use of ether, but this would be a very costly process in India, and would place it entirely out of the reach of the mass of the people. Their own method for manufacturing ice, although a slow one, is very simple, and costs nothing.

They have discovered by observation what we are taught in natural philosophy, that during the day the earth absorbs heat, and during the night it gives it out—or, to speak more properly, *radiates* heat. This is much more noticeable in tropical than in temperate countries. They know also by experience that, in order to enjoy the coolness of night, they must avoid the shade of trees, and lie out in the open places. The reason of this, perhaps, they do not know, which is that the branches of the trees interfere with this radiation. Without reasoning on these facts, the East Indian acts upon them, and uses his knowledge of them in manufacturing ice.

In an open space, where there are no trees, parallel ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed small earthen saucers, holding about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night. When such a night arrives, the little saucers are filled with water in the evening, which water by four o'clock in the morning is found covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are very small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-house under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are separated from the ground, and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore, gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is continually lowered until it reaches the freezing point, when it, of course, becomes ice.

This ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around

them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

These are the two methods by which the people of India procure ice—carrying it there from a great distance, and freezing water by a slow process. And yet, in India itself there are immense ice-fields that never melt, containing material enough to supply perpetually every town and little hamlet in the country. For the Himalayan mountains, with their towering tops covered with everlasting snow and ice, stretch along the western part of the Indian peninsula. What a trial it must be to the temper of an East Indian, who is nearly melted with the heat in the plains below, to look up at those white peaks and think how much snow and ice is wasted there that would be of the greatest service to him if it could only be brought down! But that is the problem! In the lowest part of the cold regions of the mountains, ice could be cut and made ready to be taken away. But there are no roads by which it could be carried to the plains; and if it were possible to construct roads over the mountains to a sufficient height to reach the snowy regions, the cost of making them would be enormous; and when made, it is doubtful whether ice could be transported over them with sufficient rapidity for it to reach the plains in a solid state.

So the Himalayas keep their icy treasures safely locked up in their mountain fastnesses, and the parched East Indian finds himself obliged to call upon a distant land to take compassion on him and help him.

MORE ABOUT POMPEII.

DURING the eruptions of Vesuvius, which destroyed the ancient city of Pompeii, those who delayed too long in making their escape fell victims, for the most part, to the pernicious effects of sulphuric and carbonic acid gases, and were rapidly covered by the showers of fine dust following the eruption, which, gradually hardening, formed perfect moulds of the unhappy beings who miserably perished, from which admirable casts are taken, showing their forms, features, expressions and attitude, when overtaken by death. At the beginning of the excavations little attention was paid to these natural moulds, only a few having been partially cast and preserved, the most remarkable of which were those of a husband, wife, and child: the husband at the moment of his death pressing tightly to his breast nineteen pieces of gold and ninety-one pieces of silver, which were found fixed to his ribs: the wife had let fall a coarse linen cover, in which were found fourteen bracelets, gold rings, ear-rings and jewels of less importance. It was only however, in 1863, that M. Florelli had the happy idea of filling those natural moulds with a peculiar solution of plaster, by which process the victims are reproduced in their integrity. The first group reproduced was composed of a man, a woman and two young girls, who had remained within doors until too late: when they attempted to escape by the windows or terrace, they were suddenly asphyxiated, and covered by the dust, which faithfully preserved the contour of their forms. In 1863 a body thus reproduced was that of a man who had fallen face downward, whose countenance was the very image of despair and suffering—his clenched teeth and clasped hands eloquently expressing the agony he had endured. Next in interest is the form of a woman who had fallen on her back, whose right hand leans upon the earth, her left raised as if in the act of trying to ward off danger. Her form is tall and elegant, her admirably-arched foot, encased in strong sandals, being a favorite of study by artists. On

one of her fingers is a silver ring, while near her were found gold ear-rings, a silver mirror, and an amber statue representing Cupid. Her hair in front forms three rows of ringlets, and falls, plaited over her back, in the manner of the Voltaire *perruques*. A remarkable group of three persons has been admirably cast, which is in the highest degree interesting. A man of tall stature and powerful build, with strongly-marked features, prominent cheek bones, heavy beard and mustache, is the principal figure; he held in his hands the ear-rings of the two young girls who followed him, and the key of his house, and looks the *beau ideal* of an old Roman legionary. Over his head he had thrown the corner of his mantle for the protection against the noxious gases or the falling dust and cinders, the expression of his face and that of his two daughters being suggestive of suffocation. There is something touching in the spectacle of the two sisters who followed their father, in the precise attitude as they fell, supporting each other, breathing the same poison, and dying entwined in each other's arms. Both of the figures are of beautiful forms and proportions. There is something inexpressibly sad in the aspect of this group, moulded nature in the agony between life and death, as they vainly attempted to escape from the doomed city. With the means now at the disposal of M. Florelli, he will be able to form a museum representing the rich, beauty, costume and unhappy fate of the inhabitants of Pompeii, which will henceforth be of inestimable value to students of art and history.—*Appleton's Journal*.

"A WAY UP."

THE highest spot on the globe inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist cloister of Hante, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The monks of St. Bernard, whose monastery is 8,117 feet high, are obliged to descend frequently to the valleys below in order to obtain relief from the asthma induced by the rarity of the atmosphere about their mountain-eyrie. At the end of ten years' service in the monastery, they are compelled to change their exalted abode for a permanent residence at the ordinary level. When the brothers Schlaginsweli explored the glaciers of the Ibicamin, in Thibet, they once encamped at 21,000 feet—the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night. At the top of Mt. Blanc, 15,781 feet above the level of the sea, Prof. Tyndall spent a night, and with less discomfort than his guide, who found it very unpleasant.

In July, 1872, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a balloon to the enormous height of 38,000 feet. Before starting, Mr. Glaisher's pulse beat 76 strokes per minute, and Mr. Coxwell's 74. At 17,000 feet Mr. Glaisher's pulse had increased to 84, and Mr. Coxwell's to 100. At 19,000 feet, the hands and lips of the aeronauts turned quite blue. At 29,000 feet, Mr. Glaisher could hear his heart beat, and his breathing became oppressed. At 30,000 feet, he became senseless; notwithstanding which he ascended still another 8,000 feet, when his hands were paralyzed, and he had to open the valve with his teeth. In the Alps, at the height of 13,000 feet, climbers suffer from the rarity of the air; yet in the Andes, persons can dwell, as at Potosi, at a height of from 13,000 to 15,000 feet, without inconvenience.

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HE *City of Tokio*, an American steamer, built at Chester, Pennsylvania, sailed recently from New York for the Pacific coast. She is described as a superb vessel—a vessel which reflects credit upon her builders and upon the country where she was built. Her tonnage is 5,500; that is, she can carry that number of tons weight in freight. It requires 6,000 yards of canvas to make her sails, and besides this quantity of canvas to catch the favoring gales of the ocean, she has steam engines of immense power to drive her through the water.

"But," some of our little readers may ask, "what interest can the juveniles have in the *City of Tokio*? Are there not plenty of large steamships in New York besides this one?"

Yes; a large fleet of steamers sail from New York to nearly all parts of the world. But we take interest in this particular steamship for one great reason—she was built in the United States. For years past the building of vessels of this description has been discontinued in the United States. The cost of building them in this country has been greater than in Great Britain. Hence, nearly all the ocean-going steamers are now built in Europe. In America there is plenty of coal and iron and wood and the other materials of which vessels are built; and there are plenty of skilful mechanics to make them into steamships, but, for years they have not been used. When American companies have wanted steamships they have generally had them built in Great Britain. There is one company, however, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company—which has resolved to build its vessels in this country. That company is determined to patronize home manufacture. The *City of Tokio* is one of its ships, and the *City of Peking*, is another. They are twin ships.

The cost of these vessels is one million and a quarter of dollars each. The material of which their hulks are built is iron and wood. The masts are iron, and iron is used for part of the rigging and hemp for a part, and canvas for the sails. All this material is produced from the earth or the forest, and when in the earth and in the forest cost only about nine thousand dollars. That is not a large amount for material out of which to build a grand steamship worth one million and a quarter of dollars! After paying nine thousand dollars for the material, all the rest of this vast sum of money goes to pay for labor, some of it coarse and some of it skilled! Our juveniles can reckon on their slates how many men this large amount of money would employ. They can also learn how much poorer the United States would be by sending out the cost of these two steamships to Great Britain to employ the workmen there to build them. And when they have reckoned upon this they will be better able to understand the importance of patronizing home manufactures.

In this Territory we have been following the foolish practice of paying workmen in other places for doing what we can do

ourselves. We sell our hides to men who come here to buy them; they send them to the States, where they are manufactured into leather, and that leather is shipped back here and sold to us. Leather has been brought here and sold to our people which was manufactured out of hides produced here; this has been proved by the brands. We not only buy leather made in the States, but we buy boots and shoes. And yet we have plenty of tanners and shoemakers.

We do the same with wool. It is carried to the States, there it is manufactured into cloth and made into suits of clothes, and then brought back here and sold to the people. We thus pay the woolen factories and the tailors in the States for making cloth and clothes which there are plenty of persons here able and willing to make.

We might go on and mention many other instances of this kind. No people who adopt this policy can ever be masters, they will always be servants and remain poor. The nations that produce raw material never become as great and wealthy as those who manufacture that material into articles of necessity and comfort. It is in the manufacture that numerous hands are wanted, and there lies the profit. A pound of raw iron is not worth much; but apply labor to it, convert it into fine steel and manufacture it into a certain class of article, and the iron, which originally was worth but a few cents, can be sold for hundreds of dollars. Its manufacture has furnished employment to many, and by its increased value when sold they are rewarded. So with wool. A pound of fine wool that can be bought for less than a dollar, if dyed, carded, spun, woven and dressed, and made into fine broadcloth and then into a coat, obtains a value which repays the manufacturer and the tailor for the labor they have bestowed upon it.

To raise thousands of pounds of wool only requires the labor of a very few persons to watch and care for and shear the sheep. That labor requires judgment and care but no great skill. But before the wool can be manufactured into cloth and into clothes, it will furnish employment to hundreds of persons, some of whom have to possess skill, and who draw such wages as skill always commands.

Labor, especially skilled labor, is true capital. We should manufacture every thing we can in the Territory. We should import nothing from abroad that we can make here. We should export nothing from the Territory until it has been increased in value by labor all that it can be. This is true economy, and it is such results as these that are to be brought about by the United Order.

OUR friend BETH writes upon the subject of geology, evidently with the intention of removing any false impressions that may have been made upon the minds of our youth by recent lectures on that science delivered in this city. It is not only by lectures, but also by the reading matter in modern scientific publications, that incorrect ideas are inculcated in relation to the Mosaic account of the creation. It is fashionable to doubt, even to deny, the existence of the Deity. There is nothing in the nature of science to cause this unbelief, which is the result of false inferences drawn from facts—the perversion of truth, either through prejudice or ignorance. The writer of the article, "Genesis and Geology" has shown that whatever may be the age of the earth, as proved by the testimony of the rocks, it does not invalidate the testimony of Moses as to the work of the creation or the Creator. It would be well for our youth to inform their minds upon geology and the kindred sciences, so as to enable them to distinguish between sophistry and correct reasoning, between philosophy so-called and true philosophy.

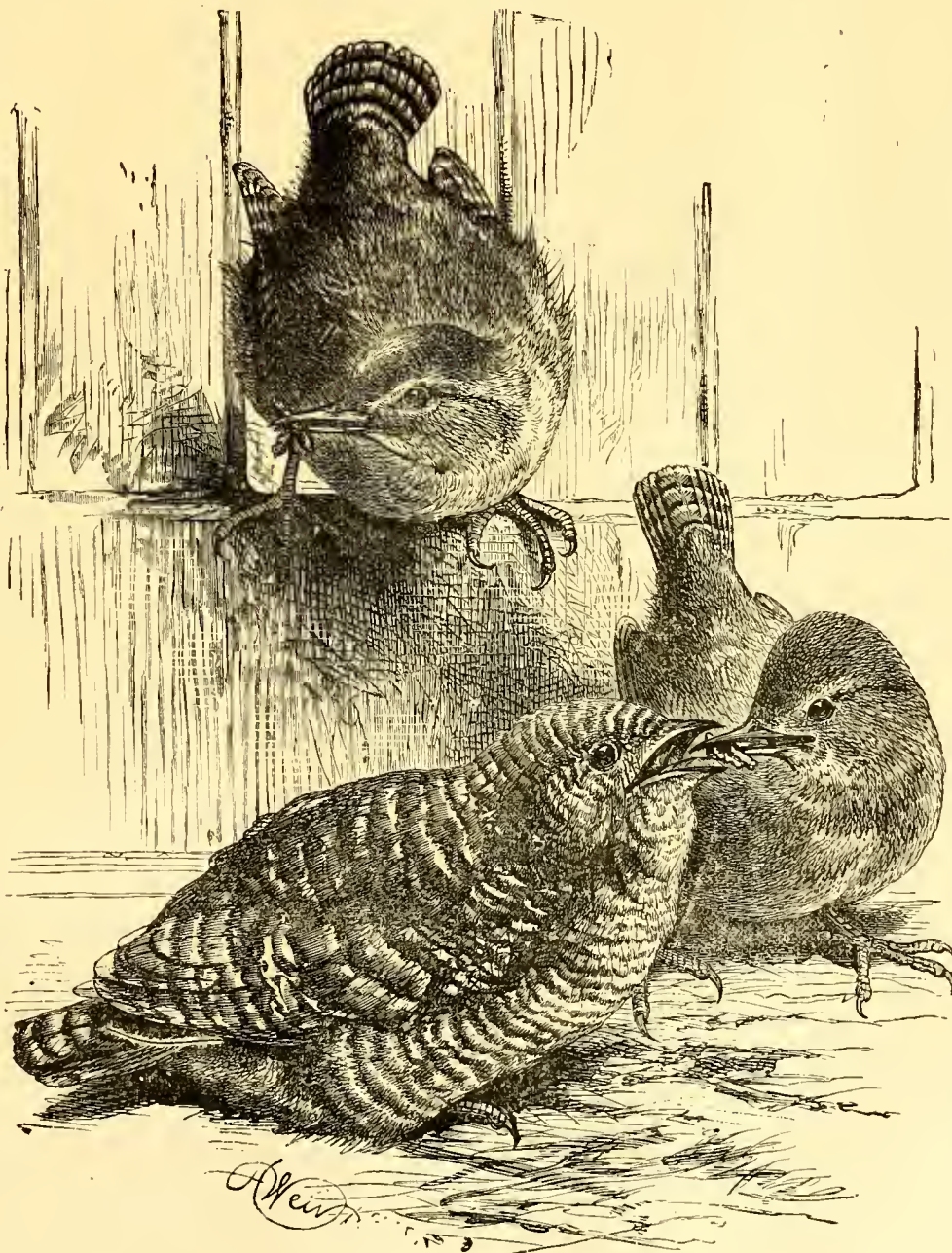
CUCKOO AND WREN.

"THE child of our adoption,
(Says little Mother Wren.)
We'll feed him well, with bits so nice,
From bogs, and wood, and fen."

MADAM CUCKOO, famous as she is for song and early spring flight, and immortalized as she has been by many poets, can never, by any stretch of friendly feeling, be mentioned with the unqualified pleasure with which we speak of other "songsters of the grove." Very odd ideas have this feathered family concerning household affairs. Never a thought do they give to quiet home enjoyments, and rearing with tender assiduity the baby-birds; no, indeed, the main point is to find a habitation already fashioned, with reliable, well-to-do owners. Still more perfectly does such a tenement commend itself to their regard, if already one, two or even three small eggs are resting within the softly cushioned nest. Then they rest contented, and gladly drop in among them one more to be warmed and hatched and fed like the little ones of the original proprietors. Yet Madam Cuckoo is not altogether regardless of appearances. It is said by a student of bird-ways, that in one particular she is a wary creature; that instinct of some sort moves her to place within the nest of the hedge-warbler an egg resembling their kind, and quite different in hue from that with which she honors the wagtail's snug home, hoping, no doubt to make it appear that only a cousin has dropped in.

For a long time naturalists wondered how the cuckoo managed to slip into the home of strange birds the intruding egg. If they should, in an unceremonious way, decide upon a brief rest, while the honest pair, whose home was to be invaded, were out for a morning stroll among the tree tops, or just beyond the hedge were arranging for an ample supply of pantry stores, it might prove an embarrassing, not to say disastrous intrusion; the nap might be too long, or they luxuriantly lazy. No; they must guard against such surprises; and it has been

ascertained by a French gentleman well versed in bird customs, that, when cuckoos have decided upon the foster parents in whom they can have confidence, they watch until such time as health or pleasure determines the settled-down pair to an airing, and at the auspicious moment of absence, the unconscious token of their heartlessness is carried in the mouth of the mother cuckoo, and, safely dropped in among the true nestlings, is left to its fate. She does not necessarily absent herself from the neighborhood. It has, indeed, been ascertained, that sometimes stationed quite near the asylum, but shut away by dense foliage, she watches the



progress of affairs, and holds herself ready for unpleasant emergencies, to present to her offspring a worm or nice bit; and one lady, who watched with keen eyes, detected another cuckoo helping back to its stolen home a young one of her own species that had fallen out.

When the young cuckoo is hatched, it immediately strives to push out all other eggs or young birds which may be in the nest. This feat it accomplishes by getting its tail successively

under each young bird or egg, twi-ting about until the offending burden is fairly on its broad, well-developed back, when with a strong lurch the ungrateful stranger tips it over into the brushwood beneath. Then the saucy interloper, having no competitor, can enjoy all the food which the foster parents are sure to bring in. And yet it is not, later in life, a bird of solitary habits; they often congregate in numbers, eating with hearty pleasure the caterpillars of the burnet-moth, and playing with each other among the bushes and old tree-stumps. Almost anything in the way of bird-food is acceptable to this family: worms, flies, raw beef chopped fine, wasp-grubs, etc.

The cuckoo can boast "a feathered vestment" quite as attractive as most other common birds; the wings and tail are black, with delicate bars of white on the exterior feathers; this with bluish-gray plumage above gives a very jaunty aspect; the breast is ashen-gray, as also are the chin and neck. This, the usual style, is, of course, subject somewhat to the climate and season of the year, and with yearling birds many pretty brownish tints are blended with the more decided colors. The male bird is not far from fourteen inches in length, his mate is usually smaller, and often sports more brown hues. They are found all over England and Ireland. The Orkney Isles afford them homes. Lapland, too has been found attractive to them, and in Russia and Siberia they go to seek comfortable resting-places. In Japan, the nightingale has hospitably entertained these lively intruders.

Everybody has heard the old saying that when cuckoos call it is sure to rain. That they have peculiar notes, changing according to the time of year, is well known: at first being in full, clear tones, then becoming hoarse and disagreeable. Some old-fashioned country rhymes allude to these changes, and also to the length of sojourn in each place:

"In April, come he will;
In May, he sings all day;
In June, he alters his tune;
In July, he prepares to fly;
In August, go he must."

An old writer, John Haywood, who lived in the sixteenth century alludes thus quaintly to these birds:

"In April the cuckoo can sing her song by rote,
In June ofttime she cannot sing a note,
At first koo, koo, koo, koo, sings till can she do
At last, kooke, kooke, kooke; six kookes to one Loo."

But we have not told the pleasantest part of our story; the two friendly little bodies, each laden with a dainty morsel, are father and mother Wren. They are very friendly in their treatment of the intruder, wondering, no doubt, in their small bird-minds how it came about that the nestling should have outstripped in size and voracity of appetite the birdlings they have aforetime had in charge; they know very well that the one fledgling was not all they had prepared for, but where and how the little things slipped out is beyond their ken.

A very pretty story comes down to us that once upon a time in birdland a king was to be chosen. The eagle, of course, accepting the challenge as one, the one, in fact, who, by soaring highest should win his right royal to the position, put on many airs, plumed himself with care, and, disdainfully regarding his lesser brethren, upsprang among the clouds, towering aloft until weary to the point of exhaustion, found himself just able to proclaim his sovereignty. Alas for purely physical power! a little feathered wit, snugly perched unseen, unfelt, upon the broad shoulders of his majesty and in no way fatigued by his lofty journeying, just then, with fluttering wing and jubilant song, sounded the note of victory. Sweeping aloft he made known

to all observers his claim to precedence, and for once the eagle bowed his proud head in shame. The wren had won his laurels bravely, and henceforth was held in kingly honor.

The little foster-parents, never more than four inches in length, are busy enough just now; the strange baby-bird is a very hungry fellow, and keeps them on the wing constantly to supply his marvelous appetite. Naturally they are shy, retiring birds, hopping and skipping about among the hedges and in and out between heaps of brushwood like a tiny feathered mouse. But industry is a characteristic, and wrens never fail in their pantry supplies.

Gay of heart, these little songsters pipe out a merry lay upon the slightest approach of sunshine, and as they run about under gentle twittering notes, not really like a song, but full of cheerfulness and tender tones, no wonder the cuckoos reckon confidently upon unvarying kindness from these lively little householders.

Their choice of nesting spots may well be called capricious. When possible the structure is ambitiously planned, being a dome more or less perfect, and ingeniously constructed—Leaves, moss, grass, and lichens are secured for this family palace, and so exquisitely inwoven that it thoroughly protects the nestlings from intrusion. They do not fancy a front entrance, but go in and out by a nicely arranged side-door. They have a fondness for a corner of a decayed tree, or the overhanging eaves of an old building, but wherever they settle a dome is considered indispensable, and, what is singular enough, this dome is formed of non-conducting materials, so that the dwellers within are always insulated from electrical influences. Occasionally, in an eccentric mood, wrens have chosen a home where one would never think to find any living creature—in the body of a dead hawk nailed to the side of a barn, and once in the interior of a pump, gaining access to the birdlings through the spout. I doubt much if domes were constructed in such odd corners.

Wrens are delicate birds, of a rich, reddish-brown color, softening down to lighter shades, and again growing darker in hue about the wings and tail. They are social little creatures, and full of kindness to each other.

THIMBLES.

THE manufacture of thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used, and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. Hence it happens that the profits of the business are affected instantaneously by all the variations the nation's greenback promises to pay. The first operation strikes a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing less than putting a lot of bright silver dollars, fresh from the mint, into dirty crucibles, and melting them into solid ingots. They are then rolled out to the required thickness, and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of any required size. A solid metal bar of the size of the intended thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a bottomless mold of the outside of the same thimble, bends the circular disks into the thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the descending bar. Once in shape, the work of polishing, brightening and decorating is done upon a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted upon a rapidly-revolving rod. A slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on the side, and the third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little revolving steel wheel, whose edge is a raised ornament, held against the revolving blank, prints that

ornament just outside the rim. A second wheel prints a second ornament around the centre, while a third wheel with sharp points makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble. The inside is brightened and polished in a similar way, the thimble being held in a revolving mold. All that remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soap-suds to remove the oil, brush them up and pack them for the trade.—
Selected.

THE PARSEES.

THERE is no city of India which contains so many persons professing different religions as Bombay. In the same street, or upon the Exchange (for Bombay is noted for its merchants), may be seen at the same time Christians, Jews, Mahometans, Hindoos, Parsees, and natives of the opposite shore of Africa. All these, except the last, have their different temples and places of worship.

Our picture represents a group of Bombay merchants. Those wearing the turban are Mahometans, and in the background are some Parsees.

In Western India, and Bombay especially, the Parsees are very numerous. They number at least a quarter of a million. Many of their merchants are very wealthy, giving often generously of their substance to public institutions, such as hospitals for the sick. Parsees may frequently be seen even in the streets of London, where several of them reside, having gone to England to engage in business. These dress as Englishmen when they are in public, in all except the strange brimless hat, sloping back from the brow, which they wear as a distinguishing mark.

The peculiarity of the Parsees, however, is not in their dress, but in their religion. They are worshipers of fire, and profess to be followers of Zoroaster, who founded the sect in Persia 2,000 years ago. He taught that the sun, as the origin of fire, was to be worshiped as an emblem of a divine power, in opposition to the evil power of darkness; but the precepts of Zoroaster have since his time been so aided to and overlaid as to have become idolatrous. The Parsees now, in addition to

fire, wor-ship wells of water, spirits of the air, and so on, thus paying the honor to the elements of nature that is due to God only.

A Parsee believes that to extinguish fire is a great misfortune, on which account many are unwilling to snuff a candle or trim a lamp, lest they should put it out. If their house is on fire, they will lend no assistance to quench it, and sometimes not even allow others to do so. Each head of a family is bound to keep up a perpetual sacred fire in his dwelling. The principal hours of worship in India are at sunrise and sunset; and in taking an evening walk outside Bombay, numbers of these people can be seen adoring the sun as he sets in his western sea.

To people who are ignorant of the true character of God

and who know not how to worship Him in spirit and in truth, the selection of the sun as an object of adoration does not appear so very surprising. It is fully as sensible as the idea which has grown so fashionable among many educated men in Christendom that there is no God but Nature. Among all the objects presented to our natural vision nothing is so majestic or so well-adapted to call forth our wonder and admiration as the "glorious orb of day," as the sun is called. It dispels darkness and gloom, dispenses warmth and happiness, causes man and animals, fowls and fish, and the earth and waters which they inhabit to be gladdened by its life-giving rays. Such being its power, it is not strange that people ignorant of the Creator of the sun, the Lord our God, in witnessing its effects, should call it the "father of life." The worshipers of the sun are many of them as earnest and sincere, doubtless, in their religion, and their worship is probably as acceptable to the Creator of the sun, as the



worship of many who claim to have much greater knowledge of Him.

USEFULNESS is confined to no station in life, and it is astonishing to see how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

HISTORY OF JOSHUA.

LESSON LXXIII.

Q.—How long could a person escape the avenger after he reached a city of refuge?

A.—Until he stood before the congregation for judgment.

Q.—When could he return unto his own city?

A.—At the death of the high priest.

Q.—How many cities were given to the Levites?

A.—Forty-eight.

Q.—How were these cities distributed?

A.—Each tribe gave its proportion.

Q.—After the land had been conquered, and the wars were ended, which of the tribes did Joshua call unto him?

A.—“The Reubenites, and the Gadites and the half tribe of Manasseh.”

Q.—What privilege did Joshua grant unto them?

A.—To return unto the land Moses had given to them.

Q.—Why was this privilege given to them?

A.—Because they fulfilled all their obligations faithfully.

Q.—What did Joshua charge them to do?

A.—To love the Lord their God, and to walk in all his ways.

Q.—What did Joshua do to them before he sent them away unto their tents?

A.—He blessed them.

Q.—Did they go home empty-handed?

A.—No; they had their share of the spoil of the enemy.

Q.—What were they to return with, according to the direction of Joshua?

A.—“Very much cattle, with silver, and with gold, and with brass, and with iron, and with very much raiment.”

Q.—What did the two tribes and a half do when they came unto the borders of Jordan?

A.—They built an altar.

Q.—What effect did this have on the rest of the children of Israel?

A.—They were offended, and prepared to go to war with them.

Q.—Why were they offended?

A.—Because they supposed the altar was erected to rebel against the Lord.

Q.—Whom did they send to see the two and a half tribes upon the matter?

A.—Phinehas; the son of Eleazer the priest, and with him ten princes.

Q.—What explanation did the two and a half tribes make?

A.—That the altar was erected only as a memorial to witness that they were of the house of Israel.

Q.—Was the explanation satisfactory?

A.—Yes; it pleased the children of Israel.

Q.—What did Joshua do when he became old and stricken in age?

A.—He called all the tribes together and exhorted them to serve the Lord and put away strange gods from among them.

Q.—What did the people say unto Joshua?

A.—“The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.”

Q.—What did Joshua then do?

A.—He made a covenant with them, and wrote it in the book of the law of the Lord.

Q.—What did he then do?

A.—He deposited it under an oak, and set up a great stone.

Q.—Why did Joshua do this?

A.—As a witness against them, lest they should deceive the Lord.

Q.—How old was Joshua when he died?

A.—One hundred and ten years.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LXXIII.

Q.—After the church had been established in that land what did Lamoni ask Ammon to do?

A.—He wanted Ammon to go with him to the land of Nephi.

Q.—Why did he desire this?

A.—He wished to show Ammon to his father.

Q.—Did Ammon go with Lamoni?

A.—No; he went into the land of Middonah.

Q.—What for?

A.—The Lord commanded him to go, telling him that his brother Aaron, and also Muloki and Amnah were in prison.

Q.—Did he go alone?

A.—No; Lamoni went with him.

Q.—Why did Lamoni go?

A.—He knew the king of Middonah, and thought he might get the prisoners released.

Q.—What was this king's name?

A.—Antionno.

Q.—Whom did they meet as they were going to the land of Middonah?

A.—They met the father of Lamoni, who was king over all the land.

Q.—Why was he angry with Lamoni?

A.—Because he had failed to attend the feast given by his father.

Q.—What can you tell concerning this feast?

A.—It was given by the father of Lamoni, to which he invited his sons and his people.

Q.—Why had Lamoni been absent?

A.—The feast took place about the time of the revival among Lamoni's people.

Q.—Did the king accept the excuse of Lamoni?

A.—No; he was very angry with him.

Q.—What did he command Lamoni?

A.—To kill Ammon.

Q.—Where did the king desire Lamoni to go?

A.—He desired him to return to the land of Ishmael.

Q.—Did Lamoni obey his father?

A.—He refused to return and also refused to kill Ammon.

Q.—What did his father then do?

A.—He raised his sword to kill Lamoni.

Q.—What did Ammon do?

A.—He stepped forth and rebuked Lamoni's father.

Q.—What did he do in return?

A.—He turned toward Ammon, and stretched forth his hand to kill him.

Q.—What was the result of this?

A.—Ammon protected himself against him.

Q.—When Lamoni's father saw that Ammon was superior to him, what did he do?

A.—He cried for mercy at his hands.

Q.—When Ammon saw this old king was in his power, what did he do?

A.—He promised to spare him, if he would let his brethren go, and let Lamoni return to his kingdom.

Q.—When he saw that Ammon had no desire to kill him, and saw what love he had for Lamoni, how did the king feel?

A.—He was much pleased.

Q.—Did he agree to do as Ammon asked?

A.—Yes; and invited Ammon and his brethren to come and visit him.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.

"MEMORY," says a recent writer on mental physiology, "is the organic registration of the effects of impressions." The characters to which the organic changes are written may be said to be indelible. The scar of a deep wound, though it may become less marked with age, is never effaced. Similarly, in a brain not disorganized by injury or disease, the records of memory are stereotyped. To recall them to consciousness may be wholly beyond our power; we may think that they are lost to us forever, till something occurs to alter to an inappreciable degree the minute nerve-cells, and thus to tear off the veil which hid from us the thoughts and events of the past.

It is well known that, in the agony of drowning, the veil is sometimes stripped off the tablets of memory, and the inscriptions again made legible to consciousness. In the following case, narrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the revival of impressions led to a very practical result. A. held a bond against B. for several hundred dollars. When it became due, he searched for it, but could not find it. He told the facts to B. who denied having given the bond, and intimated a fraudulent design on the part of A. who was compelled to submit to the loss and the charge against him. Years afterwards, A. was bathing in Charles river, when he was seized with cramp and nearly drowned. On coming to his senses, he went to his book-case, took out a book, and from between its leaves took out the missing bond. In the sudden picture of his entire life, the putting of the bond in the book, and the book in the book-case, had vividly been represented. One's feelings of justice are only partly satisfied by learning that the bond was paid with interest.

In many cases, the only thing wanted to revive an impression is some link of association, of place or circumstance. A lady taken to the country in the last stage of an incurable disorder, requested that her youngest child, a girl of about four years of age, might be sent for to visit her, which was accordingly done. The child remained with her mother about three days, and then returned to town. She grew up without any trace or recollection of the visit, or of her mother, or the name of the village in which she had last seen her. After growing up to maturity, she had occasion, along with Dr. Haslam, who had attended her mother in her last illness, to visit the house in which her mother died, without knowing it to have been so. On entering the room where her mother had last been confined, her eye anxiously traversed the apartment, and she said: "I have been here before; the prospect from the window is quite familiar to me, and I remember that in this part of the room there was a bed, and a sick lady, who kissed me, and wept."

But the subject of the obliteration of the records of memory under certain conditions, is as curious as that of their unexpected revival. The two kinds of changes are, indeed, in some cases simultaneous; while one set of impressions is recalled, another is coincidentally erased or lost. A well-known living physician not long ago recorded the case of a lady who, up to her sixteenth year, had lived in France, and spoke only French. After this, she came to England, learned the language, married an American at twenty, and for the next twenty years lived partly in America, and partly in England, speaking English habitually, French scarcely ever. She then became ill, forgot her English, and all about her married life, and if asked who she was, gave her maiden name, and mentioned, in French, the street in Paris in which she had lived

as a girl. So completely had she forgotten her English, that it was necessary to change an English for a French maid. In some of the cases of partial loss of memory from injury or disease of the brain, it would be very puzzling to account satisfactorily for the nature and the very limited extent of the loss. Thus, a fever obliterated from the memory of a learned man the letter F. without apparently committing any other injury. A soldier who had undergone the operation of trepan, and lost a slice of brain-matter, lost with it the power to recall the numbers 5 and 7. and was only able to fix them in his mind by laboriously learning them like a child.

Sometimes, however, disease appears to make a clean sweep of all acquired knowledge of every kind. The following extraordinary case was published in an American medical work many years ago. The patient was a clergyman, who, at the termination of a severe illness, lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects. When his health was restored, he began to acquire knowledge just as a child does. After learning the names of objects, he was taught to read, and after this began to learn the Latin language. He had made considerable progress, when, one day, in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped, and put his hands to his head. Being asked why he did so, he replied: "I feel a peculiar sensation in my head; and now it appears to me that I knew all this before." From that time, he rapidly recovered his faculties.

It is recorded by Ballantyne of Sir Walter Scott, that when the *Bride of Lammermoor* in its printed form was submitted to him after an illness, he did not recognize as his own one single incident, character, or conversation it contained; yet the original tradition was perfect in his mind. When Mrs. Arkwright sang some verses of Sir Walter's one evening at Lord Francis Egerton's, the author of them whispered to Lockhart: "Capital words. Whose are they? Byron's, I suppose; but I don't remember them." For a voluminous author to forget some of his own writings does not appear so remarkable; but one can hardly conceive of a person failing to recollect his own name; but cases are on record of this *ne plus ultra* of forgetfulness. A man of not very strong intellect, who held an office the sole duty of which consisted in signing his own name to a number of papers, had one day so much business of this kind to do that at last he was incapable of recollecting the word he ought to sign.

The power to recall past impressions is perhaps more than any other mental faculty dependent on the physical condition of the body. Violent action is generally inimical to it. Excessive fatigue is equally incompatible with good powers of recollection. Sir Henry Holland mentioned that he descended on the same day to several deep mines in the Harz Mountains, remaining some hours underground in each, and at the end was exhausted both from fatigue and hunger. "I then felt," says he, "the utter impossibility of talking longer with the German inspector who accompanied me. Every German word and phrase deserted my recollection, and it was not till I had taken food and wine, and been some time at rest, that I regained them." But in addition to the physical conditions of the recollective faculty, there are some mental ones of equal importance. Perhaps the foremost of these is indicated in what Sir Philip Warwick says of Lord Stafford: "His memory was great, and he made it greater by confiding in it. There is perhaps nothing which more surely leads to failure of memory than an unreasonable distrust of it. The doubt of success begets mental distraction, and thus the mind loses its hold of these links of association on which recollection

depends. Sir Walter Scott had an absolute faith in his power of memory in the morning, when his brain had been refreshed by sleep. He states in his diary, that during composition, when he found himself at a loss, he would say: "Never mind; we shall have it all at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

OUR NEW VOLUME.

WE are now taking measures to secure subscriptions to Volume Ten of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and for this purpose have employed Elder A. Bruce Taylor to make a trip through the southern settlements to canvass for subscribers. We hope that he will receive the cordial support of the friends of education throughout the Territory. In publishing the forthcoming volume, as it is universally conceded that the INSTRUCTOR supplies a much needed want, and that its publication could not, while the interest of the rising generation is taken into consideration, easily be dispensed with, we trust the public will accord us the patronage our past and future efforts may merit. The failure to obtain as many subscribers to the present volume as we expected has subjected us to some loss, which can only be made up by the sale of the volumes on hand. Lowering the price of the paper and enlarging it to twelve pages instead of eight, with the expensive character of the engravings, compelled us to calculate on an increased subscription list to meet the expenses. This we failed to obtain at the commencement of the volume. We hope, by taking timely measures with our new volume, to remedy this, and we appeal to our subscribers everywhere to renew their subscriptions and to extend the circulation to others, confident that in the volume we are now publishing they have received a full remuneration for the price of subscription. We intend, with the help of the Lord, to make the forthcoming volume equal, and, if means will allow, superior to the present one.

Elder A. B. Taylor is a worthy young man who has just returned from a mission to England, and we trust that our friends in the settlements which he visits will aid him in the object of his mission.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.—"I'll master it," said the ax, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with the resistless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all torn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked a soft, small flame. But they all despise the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

THE best way to keep out wicked thoughts is always to be employed in good ones.

MAN creates more discontent to himself than ever is occasioned by others.

THE IMPATIENT HEN.

This is the tale of the queer old hen
That sat on eggs exactly ten,
She made her nest with pride and care,
And weather foul and weather fair,
You always found her at her post,
For practice was her daily boast.
Alas! how oft it is our lot
To brag of what we haven't got;
This will apply to hens and men,
And boys and girls.

Days passed and when
The sun began to warmer grow,
The grass and leaves began to show
Their twinkling green on hill and vale;
When sweet and pleasant was the gale,
This queer old hen began to long
To join once more the noisy throng
Of idle gossips—half a score—
That strutted by the old barn door.

"O, dear! O, dear! here I am tied!
A weary lot is mine," she sighed.
"No gleam of pleasure do I catch;
Why don't these tiresome chickens hatch?
It worries me in heart and legs
To sit so long upon these eggs;
I'm sick of pining here at home;
O chicks, chicks, chicks, why don't you come?
Your little houses white and warm,
I've sheltered from the angry storm.

There's mother Dominique, next door,
Her darlings number twenty-four,
And they've been out a week or more;
And now she wanders at her ease,
As proud and happy as you please.
So stir your pinky little pegs,

My yellow bills come out and walk,
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,

And think they are but lumps of chalk."

Then something rash and sad befell;
This old hen pecked each brittle shell,
And not so wonderful to tell,
Her treatment which was very rude,
Killed on the spot her tiny brood!
And now despised by fowl and men,
She lives a broken-hearted hen.

This is the moral of my lay—
To reap success in work or play,
Why spoil whatever you've begun,
Through eagerness to have it done?
Remember poor Dame Partlet's fate!
Don't be impatient!—learn to wait.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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